



Doren's Clipboard

FROM A DREAM CAME WISDOM

by Richard Husted

I stood on a hill side
Gazing out on a peaceful
scene,
A quiet fertile valley
Overlaid with tints of
green

I saw a man tilling the
soil,
His children tending the
cattle,
This is the way a man
should live;
Peaceful, without greed,
without battle.

As I watched I saw a
beggar
Knocking timidly at their
door.
He was greeted by a
kindly woman;
'Twas their mother, I
was sure.

"Enter," said she, "and
be refreshed.
Partake of our humble
abode.
Wash and eat and bide
awhile
For you travel a lonely
road."

The beggar then entered
With thanks for her aid,
While he wondered what
payment
From him would be
made.

Yet he found there was
none
When it came time to go,
And he asked the good
woman, Why this was so.

The woman then said
With joy in her heart
"Who am I to be set
apart.

"We are all God's
children
The rich and the poor.
So freely I give,
When they knock at my
door."

To give is a blessing--
It enriches the soul.
This glorifies God,
Tis my ultimate goal.

The beggar then said,
With tears running free,
Good woman this message
Is a lesson to me.

For I am not poor
I have hoarded my gold.
It seems that the joy
Of my spirit I've sold.

I shall hurry to right
This spiritual wrong
And give hence forth
From my heart with a
song.

For my purse shall be
open
To all those in need
And may God give me
blessings
For this atoning deed.

Behind every great man,
There is an amazed
woman.

THE GIFT OF GIVING

**The gifts of giving are never
as precious as the gifts of
thought.**

**Basically, we give what we
are. The thoughts you give
will irradiate you as though
you were a transparent vase.**

**We give of ourselves when we
give of the spirit, ideas, joy,
understanding, tolerance and
forgiveness.**

**Time is not life's measure,
But the acts, the thoughts we
give are calendars that mark
for us the length of life that
we live.**

**The best way to succeed in life
is to act on the advice you
give to others.**

**If you can't have the best of
everything, make the best of
what you have.**



EDUCATION

**The process never ends.
No matter how much a person
learns.
There will always be a gap
between the things one knows
And the mysteries that remain.**

Smile

**If you are too tired to turn the
edges up; let the middle sag!**

THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

--B. V. WILLIAMS

**When trouble comes your soul
to try,
You love the friend who just
"stands by."
Perhaps there's nothing he can
do--
The thing is strictly up to
you;
For there are troubles all
your own,
Time when love cannot smooth
the road, nor friendship lift
the heavy load,
But just to know you have a
friend,
Who will stand by until the
end,
Whose sympathy, through all
endures,
Whose warm handclasp is
always yours--
Although there's nothing he
can do.
And so with fervent heart,
you cry,
"God bless the friend who just
stands by."**



TEACHERS

**A teacher's influence may
never be fully known,
As it threads its way through
years to come**

DEFINITION

**Seven days without prayer,
Makes one weak!**

SUPPOSE

Suppose this Sunday morning
The church bells couldn't ring
And, as you paused upon the
steps,
The choir didn't sing?
Suppose the door was
padlocked
Or maybe locked up tight?
Suppose a guard was standing
there
To stop you day or night?
Suppose you saw "Old Glory"
A dirty tattered rag.
And floating high above your
town
Another country's flag?
Suppose you didn't meet a
friend,
As you walked down the
street?
Suppose the only sound you
heard
Was soldier's marching feet?
Suppose the army near your
house
Was troops some foreign
power
Had sent to march upon our
streets
Instead of boys of ours?
Suppose your friends were
carried off
To prisons or their death,
And all their pleading for trial
Was just a waste of breath.
You say this couldn't happen?
Well, pray to God it don't
Then work beside your
legionnaires
To make sure it won't.

May you live as long as you
want to, And want to as long as
you live.

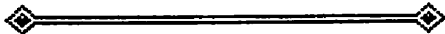
A SENIOR CITIZEN'S LAMENT

Thought I'd let my doctor
check me,
Cause I didn't feel quite right,
All those aches and pains
annoyed me.
And I couldn't sleep at night.
He could find no real disorder
But he wouldn't let it rest,
What with Medicare and Blue
Cross
It wouldn't hurt to do some
tests.
To the hospital he sent me,
Though I didn't feel that bad,
He arranged for them to give
Every test that could be had.
I was flouroscooped and
cystoscoped,
My aging frame displayed
Stripped upon an ice cold table
While my gizzards were
x-rayed.
I was checked for worms and
parasites,
For fungus and the crud,
While they pierced me with
long needles
Taking samples of my blood.
Doctors came to check me over
Probed and pushed and poked a
round,
And to make sure I was living
They wired me for sound
They have finally concluded
(Their results have filled a
page)
What I have will someday kill
me,
My affliction is 'old age'.

Live your life, so you wouldn't
be afraid to sell the family
parrot to the town gossip.

ONE STEP AT A TIME

One seed at a time and
the garden grows
One drop at a time and
the water flows
One word at a time and
the book is read
One stroke at a time and
the paint is spread
One chip at a time and
the statue is unveiled
One step at a time and
the mountain is scaled
You can write, you can
paint, you can sculpt
or climb
You can do it by taking
one step at a time.



HAPPINESS

Happiness is not a matter
of good fortune or
possessions,
It is a mental attitude.
It comes from
appreciation of what we
have.
It's so simple--yet so
hard for the human
mind to comprehend.



All growth depends upon
activity. There is no
development, physically
intellectually, without
effort and effort means
work.

Calvin Coolidge

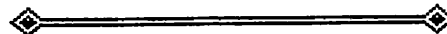
Your handicaps are an
opportunity for spiritual
growth and service.

HE SERVED HIS TIME

He walked up to the
pearly gates;
His face was scarred and
old.
He stood before the man
of fate,
For admission to the
fold.

"What have you done?"
St Peter asked "To gain
admission here?"
I have been a telephone
man, sir, for many and
many a year.

The pearly gates swung
open wide;
When St Peter touched
the bell.
"Come in and choose your
harp" he said,
You've done your stretch
in hell."



Rathers

I would rather be a
maybe,
If I cannot be an are.
For maybe is a can be,
With a chance of
reaching par.
I would rather be a has
been,
Than a might have been
by for,
For a might have been,
has never been,
But a has been was an
are.

The smallest deep
surpasses the greatest
intension.

LET THE DAMN GRASS GROW

He Enthusiastically!

Come on, my dear, let's
take a trip, so we can
be together.

We'll leave our many
friends in town to talk
about the weather.

Our kids have grown and
moved away and we are
free to wander.
We view the beauty of the
land awaiting us out
yonder.

She Reluctantly.

I have so many household
chores, it's hard for
me to go--
Plants to water and pets
to feed; weeds to chop
and lawns to mow.

Besides, my dear the
girls will meet and I
would miss my club;
I'd miss my hair
appointment, massage
and facial rub.

Let's wait a few years
longer when social
duties alter--
We've been so very busy
since we journeyed to
the altar.

He A few years later.

Come on, my dear, let's
take a walk and hobble
around the block.
Then, while we're out
a-strolling, we'll have
a long, long talk.

She Dejectedly

I have a hitch in my
get-along and my corns
and bunions throb;

Arthritis is so painful
I nearly gasp and sob.

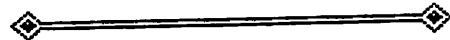
We'll wait awhile, I'll
take a pill, tomorrow
we may go.
Then, maybe we can
stroll a block if we
take it very slow.

He Remorsefully!

So long, my dear please
watch for me. I'll find
you some bright day.
Then, we will stroll
together some grand
celestial way.

She Sorrowfully!

If you'd return, to be
with me, I want the
world to know!
We'd take a hundred
little trips and LET THE
DAMN GRASS GROW!



Consider how hard it is
to change yourself and
you will understand what
little chance you have
trying to change others.

It is hard to be humble
when you know you're the *BEST*

A MATTER OF DESCENT

Three monkeys sat in a
coconut tree
Discussing things as they
seemed to be.
There's a certain rumor
that can't be true,
That man descended from
our noble race--
The very idea--it's a
disgrace.

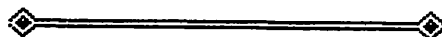
No monkey ever deserted
his wife,
Starved her babies or
ruined her life,
And you've never known
another monk
To leave her babies with
others to bunk,
Or pass them along from
one to another,
Till they scarcely knew
who was their mother.

And another thing you'll
never see
A monk build a fence
around a coconut tree;
And let the coconuts go
to waste,
Refusing all other monks
a taste.
If I put a fence around a
tree
Starvation would force
you to steal from me.

There's another thing a
monk won't do--Go out at
night and get on a
stew; Or use a gun or
club or knife To take
some other monkey's
life. Yes--Man
descended, the onery
cuss; But Brother--He
didn't descend from us.

BE CAUTIOUS?

He was a very cautious
man,
Who never romped or
played.
He never smoked. He
never drank.
Nor even kissed a maid.
And when he up and
passed away,
Insurance was denied.
For sinze he hadn't ever
lived.
They claimed he never
died.



Humor

If all the people who go
to sleep in church were
layed end to end, they
would be more
comfortable.

Once I thought I was
wrong; But I was
mistaken.

There is nothing worse to
see than ignorance in
action.

Whether a boy will wind
up with a goose egg or a
nest egg, will depend on
the chick that he
marries.

Deal in good faith
With your destiny.

Scriptures

"I say unto you that if ye should serve Him who has created you from the beginning, and is preserving you from day to day, lending you breath, that ye may live and move and do according to your own will, and even supporting you from one moment to another--I say, if ye should serve Him with all your whole souls yet ye would be unprofitable servants. And behold, all that He requires of you is to keep His commandments; and He has promised you that if ye would keep his commandments ye should prosper in the land; and He never doth vary from that which he hath said; therefore, if ye do keep His commandments he doth bless you and prosper you."

Mosiah 2:21-22

Success has many fathers,
But failure is an orphan.

You will never get a second chance,
To make a good first impression.

Store what you eat--
Eat what you store.

JOSEPH SMITH JR.

Joseph Smith Jr. said, "The standard of truth has been erected. No unhallowed hand can stop the work from progressing. Persecution may rage; mobs may combine; armies may assemble; calumny may defame. But the truth of God will go forth boldly, nobly, and independent. Till it has penetrated every continent; swept every climb; visited every country and sounded in every ear. Till the purposes of God have been accomplished, And the great Jehovah shall say, "Thy work is done."

If you are willing to admit you are wrong,
when you are wrong, you are all right!

All your bright ideas
Won't work,
Unless you do.

A man who never makes a mistake, most always works for a man who does.

Self-made people usually worship their creator.

SURPRISE

I dreamed death came
the other night,
And heaven's gates
swung wide.
With kindly grace an
angel came
And ushered me inside.
And there to my
astonishment,
Stood folks I'd known on
earth.
Some of whom I'd labeled
as unfit,
And some of little
worth.
Indignant words rose to
my lips,
But never were set free,
For every face showed
stunned surprise,
Because no one expected
me!



Treat people as if they
were what they ought to
be;
And you will help them to
become what they are
capable of being.

Early to bed and early to
rise,
Until you have earned
enough to do otherwise.

If you want to forget all
your troubles in a
hurry;
Wear a pair of tight
shoes.

HUMOR

A man went to a costume
party dressed as a
devil. On the way there,
the car broke down. In
the distance he could see
a light, when he arrived
at the light, he could see
a small church. He
walked in and as soon as
the congregation took a
look at him; they went
out the door, windows as
fast as they could. All
but one little old lady.
She said, "Mr. Devil, I
have been a member of
this church for 40
years, but I want you to
know, I have been on
your side all the time.

It is said that out of
every one hundred men
at age sixty-five: one
will be rich; five will be
independent; forty will
need some help; and
fifty-four will be poor

The greatest exercise
for the heart,
Is to stoop down,
And help someone up.

We cannot always
please, but we should
try to avoid offending.

Somewhere, something
drastic is about to
happen.

BIRTHDAYS

Count your garden by the
flowers,
Never by the leaves that
fall;
Count your days by
golden hours,
Don't remember clouds
at all.
Count the nights by
stars; not shadows;
Count your life by
smiles, not tears;
And with joy on every
birthday
Count your age by
friends, not years.

HUMOR

One day, I was at the
sheep herd and the
herder aske me to stay
and have dinner with
him.

As we sat down to eat, I
observed that the plates
didn't look too clean.
The sheepman noticed me
looking at the dishes and
ask, "Don't you think the
dishes are clean
enough?"

I said, "I guess they are
okay." He said, "They
are as clean as three
waters can get them."
Well, I figured that was
okay, as my mother only
used two waters.

After we finished our
meal, he picked up the
dishes and took them
outside and whistled,
"Here Three Waters,
come on boy."

WORRY

There are only two
things to worry about.
Either you are well or
you are sick. If you are
well there is nothing to
worry about. If you are
sick there are only two
things to worry about.
Either you will get better
or you will die. If you
get better there is
nothing to worry about.
If you die there are
only two things to worry
about. Either you will
go to heaven or hell. If
you go to heaven you
have nothing to worry
about. If you go to hell,
you will be so busy
shaking hands with
friends you won't have
time to worry.

EXPLANATION

An explanation of what
the word average means,
It is the way a man feels
with his head in a hot
oven and his bare feet on
a cake of ice.

The will read, To
Charley Jones, whom I
promised to remember,
"Hi Chuck."

The wheel was man's
greatest invention, until
he got behind it!

NEWSPAPER AD

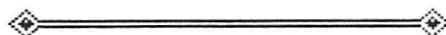
The newspaper ad read:
"June 2, Jim Mulligan
has a sewing machine
for sale. Phone 1058
after 6 p.m. and ask
for Mrs. Kelly who
lives with him cheap."

June 9th, Jim Mulligan's
ad last week should
have read: "Jim
Mulligan has a sewing
machine for sale,
cheap. Phone 1058 and
ask for Mrs. Kelly who
lives with him after 6
p.m."

June 16th, Jim Mulligan
informs us that he has
been receiving annoying
phone calls because of
an incorrect ad in this
paper that appeared
June 9th. It should
have read: "Jim
Mulligan has a sewing
machine for sale,
cheap. Phone 1058
after 6 p.m. and ask
for Mrs. Kelly who
loves with him."

June 23r, Public Notice
"I, Jim Mulligan, no
longer have a sewing
machine for sale. I
smashed it. Don't call
1058, the phone has
been taken out. I have
not been carrying on
with Mrs. Kelly until
last week. She was
my housekeeper."

June 30th, "Jim Mulligan
wishes to hire a new
housekeeper. Phone
1058 after 6 p.m.
Good pay to right
person, usual house-
keeping duties. Also
love in priviledges.



A man was bragging
about the fine horse that
he had. Several of the
men in his club became
very interested in the
horse and wanted to buy
it. Finally he sold the
horse to one of men for a
large sum of money.

He didn't go to the club
for several days, but
when he did return he
heard the buyer telling
what a no good horse he
had bought.

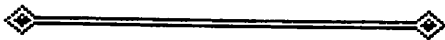
The seller said to the
buyer, "If you talk that
way about the horse, you
will never be able to sell
it."

Every time you loan
money to a friend, you
damage his memory.

In nothing doth man
offend God, and against
none is His wrath
kindled, than those who
confess not His hand in
all things and obey not
His commandments.

HUMOR

There was a big storm. Rain came down in bucketsfull. Soon the family had to abandon the ground floor of the house and move upstairs. As the family was watching out of an upstairs window, they saw a straw hat circling the front yard. The hat moved across the yard and then back. They couldn't figure out what it was. Then all of a sudden Jane said, "Oh I remember, that's Grandpa mowing the front lawn." He said he was going to do it today come hell or high water.



The young doctor ask the coroner if he would change the death certificate he had given him the day before. The coroner said, "You know Doctor, that is against the law. Why do you want to change it?" The doctor said, "Because I signed it on the line that says cause of death."

"Tommy," asked the teacher, "If I lay one egg on the table and two eggs on the chair, how many eggs will I have." "Personally," answered Tommy, "I don't think you can do it."

The patient ask the doctor, "Is this operation necessary?" "It certainly is," explained the doctor, "I am back three payments on my motor home."

A tired businessman came home and was told by his wife that the maid had quit.

"What was the trouble this time," he asked. "You were," his wife replied. "She said you used insulting language when you talked to her on the telephone this morning." "Good grief," cried the husband, "I thought I was talking to you."

Hunter shot at bear,
Gun wouldn't fire.
Bear chased hunter,
Hunter prayed bear was a
Christian bear.
Bear was a Christian
bear and prayed, "Oh
Lord, bless this food."

The best steps I have
ever taken, are the ones
that take me home.

There is nothing that
creates criticism as
much as success.

It's always nice to be
important, but it's ever
so much more important
to be nice.

HUMOR

Mrs. Brown said, "When ever I'm down in the dumps, I get myself a new hat."

Mrs. Jones answered, "I have always wondered where you got your hats."

The farmer called the fire station and said, "My barn is one fire. Will you please come and put it out?"

"How do we get there?" said the voice on the other end of the line.

"Gee, I don't know" said the farmer, "don't you have your red truck anymore?"

The young lady aske the car salesman, "Why are these compact cars so expensive?"

The salesman answered, "If you want economy, you are going to have to pay for it."

There are two kinds of individuals in the world"
1. Those who create happiness where ever they go. And
2. Those who create happines when ever they go.

The preacher said, "If there is anyone in the congregation that thinks they are perfect, please let him stand."

One lone man on the back row stood up. The preacher said, "Do you think you are perfect?"

"No," said the man, "I am standing as proxy for my wife's first husband."

I spent a fortune a on trampoline,
A stationary bike and a rowing machine.
Complete with gadgets to read my pulse
And gadgets to prove my progress results.
And others to show the miles I've charted,
But they left off the gadget, to get me started.

The man said when he had seen his picture in the post office, "It's nice to be wanted."

When the coyotes howl
And the rangers prowl
On the banks of the Rio Grande
I'll be taking my ease
And doing as I please
Living at Boyden's Last Stand.

OF GIVING

ving are never
as the gifts of

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CAUTION

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THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

--B. Y. WILLIAMS

When trouble comes your soul
to try,
You love the friend who just
"stands by."
Perhaps there's nothing he can
do--

The thing is strictly up to
you;
For there are troubles all
your own,
Time when love cannot smooth
the road, nor friendship lift
the heavy load,
But just to know you have a
friend,
Who will stand by until the
end,
Whose sympathy, through all
endures,
Whose warm handclasp is
always yours--
Although there's nothing he
can do.
And so with fervent heart,
you cry,
"God bless the friend who just
stands by."

TEACHERS

A teacher's influence may
never be fully known,
As it threads its way through
years to come

SUPPOSE

his Sunday morning
h bells couldn't ring
u paused upon the
didn't sing?
he door was
locked up tight?
guard was standing
u day or night?
ou saw "Old Glory"
ttered rag.
ng high above your
untry's flag?
ou didn't meet a
lked down the
he only sound you
er's marching feet?
he army near your
s some foreign
o march upon our
boys of ours?
our friends were
off
s or their death,
eir pleading for trial
a waste of breath.
isn't it couldn't happen?
y to God it don't
c beside your
ires
ure it won't.

A SENIOR CITIZEN'S LAMENT

Thought I'd let my doctor
check me,
Cause I didn't feel quite right,
All those aches and pains
annoyed me.
And I couldn't sleep at night.
He could find no real disorder
But he wouldn't let it rest,
What with Medicare and Blue
Cross
It wouldn't hurt to do some
tests.
To the hospital he sent me,
Though I didn't feel that bad,
He arranged for them to give
Every test that could be had.
I was flouroscopeped and
cystoscopeped,
My aging frame displayed
Stripped upon an ice cold table
While my gizzards were
x-rayed.
I was checked for worms and
parasites,
For fungus and the crud,
While they pierced me with
long needles
Taking samples of my blood.
Doctors came to check me over
Probed and pushed and poked a
round,
And to make sure I was living
They wired me for sound
They have finally concluded
(Their results have filled a
page)
What I have will someday kill
me,
My affliction is 'old age'.

AT A TIME

time and
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NESS

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For admission to the
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"What have you done?"
St Peter asked "To gain
admission here?"
I have been a telephone
man, sir, for many and
many a year.

The pearly gates swung
open wide;
When St Peter touched
the bell.

"Come in and choose your
harp" he said,
You've done your stretch
in hell."

Rathers

I would rather be a
maybe,
If I cannot be an are.
For maybe is a can be,
With a chance of
reaching par.
I would rather be a has
been,
Than a might have been

LET THE DAMN GRASS GROW

Enthusiastically!

My dear, let's
trip, so we can
be there.
Give our many
in town to talk
about the weather.

Grass has grown and
we are away and we are
wondering.
The beauty of the
waiting us out

Constantly.

Many household
it's hard for
water and pets
weeds to chop
s to mow.

My dear the
I meet and I
miss my club;
my hair
treatment, massage
and rub.

After a few years
when social
inter--
are so very busy
I journeyed to

Years later.

She Dejectedly

I have a hitch in my
get-along and my corns
and bunions throb;

Arthritis is so painful
I nearly gasp and sob.

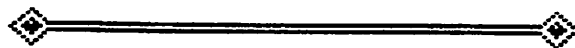
We'll wait awhile, I'll
take a pill, tomorrow
we may go.
Then, maybe we can
stroll a block if we
take it very slow.

He Remorsefully!

So long, my dear please
watch for me. I'll find
you some bright day.
Then, we will stroll
together some grand
celestial way.

She Sorrowfully!

If you'd return, to be
with me, I want the
world to know!
We'd take a hundred
little trips and LET THE
DAMN GRASS GROW!



Consider how hard it is
to change yourself and
you will understand what



Heaven's Grocery Store

I was walking down life's highway a long time ago,
One day I saw a sign that read Heaven's Grocery Store,
As I got a little closer the door came open wide,
And when I came to myself I was standing inside.

I saw a host of angels they were standing everywhere,
One handed me a basket and said "My child shop with care,"
Everything a Christian needed was in that Grocery Store,
And all you couldn't carry, you could come back the next
day for more.

First I got some Patience, Love was in the same row,
Further down was Understanding, you need that everywhere you go,
I got a box or two of Wisdom, a bag or two of Faith,
I just couldn't miss the Holy Ghost for it was all over the place.

I stopped to get some Strength and Courage to help me run this
race.
By then my basket was getting full, But I remembered I needed
some Grace.

I didn't forget Salvation, for salvation that was free.
So, I tried to get enough of that to save both you and me.
Then I started up to the counter to pay my grocery bill,
For I thought I had everything to do my Father's will.

As I went up the aisle, I saw Prayer and I just had to put that in,
For I knew when I stepped outside, I would run right into sin,
Peace and Joy were plentiful, they were on the last shelf.
Song and Praises were hanging near so I just helped myself.

Then, I said to the Angel "Now, how much do I owe?"
He just smiled and said, "Just take them everywhere you go."
Again I smiled at him and said, "how much do I really owe?"

He smiled again and said, "My child, JESUS PAID YOUR BILL A
LONG TIME AGO."

I love the world with all its' cares
With all its clouds and rain;
I love it tho' it freely shares
With me its cares and pain;
I love it still when blizzards roar,
When snowflakes fill the air,
Or when Gods' thunder shakes my door,
And livid lightnings glare.

I love the world, aye, love it well,
When azure skies smile down
Upon some shady mountain dell
And shadows cease to frown;
And when some songster trills a lay
of never ending mirth,
I fancy that his warbles say
"I love you, Mother Earth".

I love the world for its own sake.
I love its smiles and tears;
I love it where the wild waves break
And where the hot sun sears;
I love its hills, its vales, its peaks,
Its beauties all unfurled---
I love its rippling, bubbling creeks---
I love this dear old world.

Her moon is mine each summer night
All mine her skies of blue,
Her sunshine---all for my delight,
I LOVE THIS WORLD, DON'T YOU?

God so loved the world, not only just a few---
that he gave His only begotten Son. God loved
the world, DO YOU?

I was going to, but . . .

There Wasn't Time

Condensed from *Newsday*

ERMA BOMBECK

TIME. It hangs heavy for the
bored, eludes the busy, flies
by for the young and runs
out for the aged.

Time. We crave it. We curse it.
We kill it. We abuse it. Is it a friend?
Or an enemy?

We know very little about it. To
know it at all, to know its potential,
perhaps we should view it through a
filter called memories.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, Mama was go-
ing to read me a story and I was
going to turn the pages and pretend I
could read. But she had to wax the
bathroom and there wasn't time.

When I was young, Daddy was
going to come to school and watch
me in a play. I was the fourth Wise
Man (in case one of the three got
sick), but he was having his car tuned
and there was no time.

When I was young, Grandma and
Granddad were going to come for
Christmas to see the expression on
my face when I got my first bike,

but Grandma didn't know who
she could get to feed the dogs
and Granddad didn't like the cold
weather and, besides, they didn't
have the time.

When I was older, Dad and I were
going fishing one weekend, just the
two of us, and we were going to
pitch a tent and fry fish with the
heads on them. But at the last minute
he had to fertilize the garden and
there wasn't time.

When I was older, the whole
family was always going to pose
together for our Christmas card. But
my brother had ball practice, my
sister had her hair up, Dad was
watching the Colts and Mom had to
mop the kitchen. There wasn't time.

When I grew up and left home to
be married, I was going to sit down
with Mom and Dad and tell them I
loved them and would miss them.
But Hank (he was our best man and
a real clown) was honking the horn
in front of the house, so there wasn't
time.



- Jesus the teacher

He never taught a lesson in a classroom... He had no tools to work with, no blackboards, maps or charts... He used no subject outlines, kept no records, gave no grades, and His only text was ancient and well-worn... His students were the poor, the lame, the deaf, the blind, the outcast - and His method was the same for all who came to hear and learn... He opened eyes with faith... He opened ears with simple truth, and opened hearts with love, a love born of forgiveness... a gentle man, a humble man, He asked and won no honors, no gold awards of tribute to His expertise or wisdom... and yet this quiet Teacher from the hills of Galilee has fed the needs, fulfilled the hopes and changed the lives of many millions... for what He taught brought heaven to earth and God's heart to all.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

Vaughn J. Featherstone

September 13, 1979

Doren and LaRella Boyden
445 North 100 West
Provo, Utah 84601

Dear Doren and LaRella,

Thank you for your letter. We often think of you and have the greatest memories of our experiences together in Texas. We appreciated the way in which you worked, your great sense of humor, the presentations you made at the couples' seminars, and, more especially, your warmth and kindness to us.

Congratulations on your callings in the Church. I know these will be among the sweetest callings you will ever have. There is something about being in the Lord's holy temples that is a constant blessing and benefit.

We love you both and will always prize you as dear friends. Thanks for taking time to write. Bless you always.

Sincerely,



Vaughn J. Featherstone

VJF:sm

'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
OR

"Santa had a Belly Ache, So He Threw Up the Sash!"

'Twas the night before Christmas, (Now wasn't that shocking?)
Our own Victor Lee had hung up his stocking.
The tree was all trimmed with lights and bright tinsel,
And when Ruby walked in he gave a Wolf whistle.

She cuddled up close on the couch where he sat,
As they began talking about this thing and that.
They spoke of Dianne who was out on a date,
Hoping she would be home before it grew late.

They wished in a way they could turn back the clock
But just then at the door came a resounding knock.
They scrambled to grab some robes clean and tidy
Lest their caller should find them in pajamas and nighty.

Regaining composure that seemed appropo
They opened the door--and what do you know!
Standing there on the steps were good friends through the years.
They were happy and gay, tho' half frozen, poor dears.

"Come in", Ruby called--as Vic stuttered and stammered,
(His thumb was all bandaged, 'cause the wrong nail he'd hammered).
They came through the door, shouting greetings, and singing.
Pierce Felch had a telephone bell he was ringing.

Pat Jones brought a lamp, (he'd had too many beers)
"I want to sell chances folks. The money's for the Telephone Pioneers!"

Then Doran appeared, out of nowhere, it seemed,
His eyes were a twinkle--and his countenance beamed!
We thought for a moment he'd been flying a rocket,
But soon we found out he had "rocks" in his pocket!

Erma was holding a bag while just sitting,
To our amazement she had brought her own knitting.
Bernice was all smiles, it was hard to contain her,
You see folks--she still thinks there are eight tiny reindeer!

Then Bessie and Burt pushed their way through the crowd,
They danced a gay jig and were laughing out loud.
Bill Baker joined in, calling Lois to dance,
As they did the new "Twist" you could just see them prance.

Clark Benson, who usually isn't much of a clown
Stood on his hands, then jumped up and down.
His capers and antics amused Elma so much
That she doubled up laughing and her sides she did clutch.

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"Where's Nona and Axel--does anyone know?"
Aha--they're together 'neath the green Mistletoe!
Freda just watched as the folks acted crazy,
And Charlie wished now that he weren't so lazy.

Now all t is was fine, but the frown on Lucile's face
Showed she didn't quite like all the things out of place.
She asked Mrs Tuttle to help clean things up
Before someone got careless and broke a good cup.

The time went so fast--we all had so much fun,
But one friend we missed was our ailing pal "Bun".
In a moment of silence our lips said a prayer
That next year at our party he'd surely be there.

As we sat reminiscing, a knock came at the door,
And lo and behold, who was there but Grace Moore!
She had brought along Larry; altho he was shy
He joined in on the laughter, and he wore a red tie.

Now Ruby knew well that the hour was late
But the folks wouldn't leave until after they ate.
So she brought out some goodies and passed them around,
And in a few minutes not a crumb could be found.

They all said their greetings, Art Brown told a joke,
His wafe was alarmed, and gave him a poke.
As they walked down the pathway Vic turned out the light,
Calling "Merry Christmas to all--and to all a goodnight."

Dear Doran,

I wrote this "ditty" for the Christmas party in 1961 and thought
you might like to have a copy of it in your memory book. Many
things have happened since then and you know how happy I am to
be alive and part of this old world.

You have always been one of my favorite people, and one of the
very first that I remember from the days that I started working
for the Telephone Company. It is a wonderful experience that you
and Lurella are going to have in the Mission field and Oather and
I join in wishing you every joy and blessing that comes from giving
service such as this.

Sincerely,

Shirley W. Rogers